

Halo: Cloak and Daggers

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Summary: On tetra V, A platoon of men were sent into area after targets and all but 6 end up dead. ONI agents have a limited amount of time to find out before time is up but not everything is what it seems. please R&R each chapter. chapter 3 is up. Updating daily.

## 1. Unknown Causes

Halo: Cloak and Daggers

Author notes: ALL characters except for obviously halo characters are mine.

By: Natinaton

ONI special agent Will Turner walked down the hallway to the interview with the last survivor of some horrible op gone fubar. No one in his right mind would have sent the men to do this mission but Ackerson himself. Will enter the room that was a bunkroom, with several pieces of furniture and a bed ONI isn't coldhearted at all they do take care of their own and this marine had been one of their own.

"You want to talk about it?" Will said to the marine who was sitting at a small desk drawing. The marine had a morphine sleep for 48 hours due to the intense shock and other factors that made him impossible to sleep. He was traumatized. Will walked over to the small table and looked at the pictures the marine was drawing.

"These are the men that annihilated your team?" Will said as he pointed to one figure that mowed down though a group of men. The man nodded before continued to sob. Will let him sob on the table for a few minutes, he needed to get it out of his system. He analyzed the pictures that the man drew and was amazed at the drawing skill the man had developed despite the war. These men mowed though 36 men and slaughtered all of his teammates in one wave? And they were at half



strength of the men sent.

"I'm not done yet." the Marine said snatching the picture out of Will's hands. He continued to draw on it etching details into the silhouettes. Will sat in silence as the man went from figure to figure drawing in the details. ODST's and regular marines were filled and the man even remembered which team member was in the lead. Then the amazing thing happened, He drew his arms just above the edge of the picture telling where he was.

"This is you?" Will said pointing to the arms that held the battle rifle. The man nodded and continued drawing in the remaining men that weren't part of his formation. The name of the particular soldier was unknown because of Ackerson; the fool had sent them in with no labels or markings of any sort. The figure that was mowing them down was still just a figure, no details.

"Who is this?" Will said pointing at the picture. He shuddered at the image and said. "It moved though us like we were too slow to react and cut us down with unnatural speed. We didn't know if it was covenant or not... it too quick to track even. "

"Ok, how about you keep on drawing more pictures so i can know what happened. You draw it straight from the moment you got off the pelican till the time of the engagement alright? There is a guard outside and tell him when your done. You dont have to do anything fancy like this drawing but the gist of it.

The marine nodded. "You can keep the picture if you want, I can draw more if you like."

"Keep doing that." Will said patting the man on his back. The man held back his tears and then took another piece of paper to start drawing another one. Will walked out of the room where 5 other special agents were waiting.

"My subject has distinct reactions and is constantly sobbing. We need to get them under control and act like marines; we are not getting information on what the hell is happening!" Dom said.

"No need to press your subjects, my subject is drawing out every scene that happened since he left the pelicans. He seemed to be taken out at the end but he was clear and concise. No need to torture men that are already tortured by the death of their comrades. Also remember that they are still giving us information so there is no need to press them when their might be a mistake made because of haste. Let them be." Will said.

"True, that is a valid point." Dom said walking away. "But if they stop giving us information I'll be forced to do it my way."

"Asshole." Will said to Dom's back. The other agents shrugged and walked down the hallway, Will glanced in the window at the man drawing. The guard at the door was notified that the man inside would open the door and tell him when he is done. He was going to be indeed very helpful in telling what happened to those men out there.



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Will walked into his office and was allowed himself to be surprised for a few seconds to see a military official sitting at his guest chair across his desk. The official wore the typically marine fatigues of war and was designated a captain.

"Will Turner?" The man said standing up when he noticed Will standing in the doorway. "I'm from Tetra IV, and sent by the brass in this system to resume operations."

"Sir, to be frankly, we have 30 men dead of unknown causes. We have limited intelligence on what attacked them. We have 6 survivors; 4 are gibberish, 1 is in a deep sleep because of exhaustion and only one man who can only tell us what happened by drawing on piece of paper."

"I don't care as long as it isn't covenant." The officer replied sternly.

"It might be a hybrid of some covenant race we haven't met before for all we know!" Will replied.

"Yeah well you have 12 hours to find out what happened to these men before we resume operations on this planet." He said.

"Yes sir." Will gut told him not argue with him anymore, he had been given a time limit and the officer outranked him. He had his orders and the only thing he could say was yes sir. The officer decided it was time for him to leave and started out.

"I didn't catch your name sir." Will said turning towards the back of the officer. The rank of captain was clear on his uniform. He must have gotten promoted somehow. Someone who didn't know any better had anyway.

"Captain Ackerson." He replied. "You have 11 hours and 55 minutes now. Better start working."

"Yes sir." Will said though his gritted teeth; he restrained himself from lunging at Ackerson for doing such a stupid thing with that platoon of men. His gut said that Ackerson had something to do with these men. Ackerson, that would explain a lot about how there was no dog tags on these men.

Will released the breath he was holding and breathed deeply for 10 seconds to release all the stress he had contained within himself in the past 5 minutes. Maybe his subject would have any idea of what happened. He walked down the hallway past a guard post on his way to the visitor quarters. There were 4 guards there with battle rifles and one didn't quite point his battle rifle at him till they identified him. The station was a rough sandbag bunker with bits of concrete to reinforce against grenades. If the Covenant did visit though, it wouldn't last long. Will continued down the hallway past it as his thoughts wandered onto different subjects.

Will got to his subject after a series of turns and twists past



numerous barrack's and guard posts. The outpost wasn't as large as the one on Reach. It was nearly 2 miles under the surface and there were three elevators to the surface with 3 vents as escape routes if power was lost. The vents though were a grueling two miles of climbing up ladders. The main evaluator was able to raise three platoons of troops and 6 warthogs or scorpion tanks up to the surface with ease. They had about 120 marines stationed here with 12 warthogs and 4 MBTs. There was also about a dozen or so scientist and a small collection of ONI agents.

Coming back to realty he glanced into the one-way window to see his subject. He noticed that the subject hadn't shaved in a long time and had brown hair. They had tried to look up his DNA but nothing showed up, the files were removed. Damn Ackerson, always screwed up his projects, that's why the Spartans took first place in ONI eyes. Ackerson projects seemed to succeed but also failed at the same time because he failed to factor in things. That is why he always got men killed.

He had a long grey streak of metal located on his elbow somewhat like a metal plate most likely when he broke his arm the docs had implanted it. Grabbing a coat that concealed a voice recorder, Will nodded the guard at the door and he opened.

The man inside looked up then went back to drawing. He had seemed to have done about 3 pictures that had some good detail in terrain. Will pulled out a data pad and brought up a map of where ONI had located the survivors, near the ruins of an old outpost.

"Do you know this place?" Will said pointing at the old base. The man looked at it then nodded. He glanced down to see what he was doing erased a line and redrew it. Will looked at the guy, he probably never get this guy to talk. He activated a voice recorder on his coat pocket just in time when the man looked at him dead in the eyes. Fear and yet confidence in what he was doing was in those eyes. Will felt flickers of fear run down his back and shivered, there was something strange about this man that he couldn't figure out.

"We landed in pelicans about 2 kilos north of the old outpost. Ackerson had told us that an unknown group of residents had taken up inside it. We were to explore the ruins and find out what they were. To see if it was Covenant or some other creature that had managed to survive the fight when we took the planet back. If proved hostile we were to take them out, recover the bodies and bring them back. If otherwise, to escort them back." The man said. "We thought this was a milk run, go in and out, less then a 4 hour op."

"Talk about a milk run gone Fubar." Will said. "Noticed anything different at the beginning?"

"No, we landed fine." The man said. "The weather was fucked up though. Rain so hard that it looked like it was raining upside down."

"Yeah I heard about that, that's pretty interesting." Will said. "I remembered the day it did that here. We had to suspend getting more supplies because the warthogs and their trailers couldn't get though the roads. Tell me more."



### 3. Walk though a jungle

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By: Natination

The 3 pelicans dropped down onto the wet mud as the rain poured down all around them. Three men from each pelican then exited and went to secure the perimeter before the rest walked out into the rain.

"Wow this stuff is hard as hell." One private said he emerged from the pelican to the sound pinging metal.

The ODSST next to him said. "Obviously you haven't been to the Planet Verna. The stuff is 10x harder then this."

"Really? Wow." The private replied; he was fresh from boot among 6 others. The rest were hardcore veterans.

"Yeah well you couldn't see shit in the rain like this anyway, we got to stick close to each other or else we're going to get lost." The ODSST remarked. "Butch, get Echo to get the comm. up and running to tell Ackerson that we dropped in."

An ODSST with his helmet on said a quick yes sir and dashed towards the pelicans. As the rest of the men gathered. There was 24 marines including 7 fresh from boot and 12 ODSST's assigned to take on this mission with the support of the marines.

"Ok Ackerson wants us to identify the people that decided to live in one of our old outposts." The ODSST said. He pointed at one ODSST. "George here is point."

"Hold on one second there." Will said as he sat on a chair in the visitor's quarters. "Your name is George?"

"Yes sir." The ODSST said.

"Ok, continue." Will replied. He looked at the pictures that George had done as he narrated the story.

"Let's move out!" The squad leader yelled.

Everyone spread out into a rough diamond shape as they made their way though the tough jungle terrain in the heavy rain. Visibility was down to 10 feet.

"I bet bullets would drop to the ground after we fire them in this stuff. "

"Cut the chatter marine." The squad leader the over radio said. After they traveled 1.5 kilos to the outpost there came a call for silent movement. No unnecessary noise was to be emitted.

They were trained well and moved about quietly glancing left and right to make sure they were still with teammates. It would be easy to become lost in the heavy rain and jungle. 4 ODSST's dashed forward to check out the outpost and move quietly about. That was when 6 contacts on the motion tracker came on red signaling enemies.



"Stay alert marines, incoming." The squad leader said.

The red dots fell back as soon as the squad leader said as if knowing that they were alert.

George glanced at his motion tracker as he quickly moved forward to take position against a tree. He looked in all directions but only saw three of his teammates taking up positions behind him.

"No contract." George glanced all around him and continued to monitor his motion tracker. "I think they know our radio frequency sir."

"We hold position here, no chatting and no moving." Squad leader said. "Be alert till the 4 scouts get back. All teams change to Alpha 6."

Everyone twisted a knob by their ear 6 clicks to the left to the channel 6.

#### 4. Another problem arises

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"Who is this squad leader?" Will asked as he glanced at the clock. 10 hours to go. He had sat down and carefully listened to the man's story he remembered his team made their way through the jungle. He left out details that he had to ask for but it was no big deal considering anyone would leave them out anyway.

"Colonel John Stewart." The marine said reluctantly. He went back to drawing another set of pictures and will turned off the voice recorder. He got enough to analyze for now.

"Thank you for your help." Will said. "A guard will bring you some food. You must be starving."

"Ok thank you." The marine said. "Just nothing messy, I don't want to mess up these drawings."

The marine seemed to be coming out of his shell but still receded back in. Interesting. Will thought. At least he is gradually coming out of it, unlike his teammates, one had apparently slipped into a deep sleep due to exhaustion of keeping awake so long and another other had apparently gotten sick from the flu. He was currently asleep and on meds that would keep him knocked out for 5 hours. Will glance at the clock again for the fifth time in a row in the past 30 minutes, and started to mentally counting down from 9 hours 55 minutes that was the time he had left before Captain Ackerson decided to go after whatever killed these men.

Most likely this man didn't get along with the squad leader; he reluctantly left his name out on purpose. They also had traveled the 2 kilos in 3 hours, due to the heavy rain; it slowed travel to a crawl. That was interesting to know, the Colonel was cautious.

At least he wasn't crazy on this expedition of theirs. Will glanced at the man as he finished another picture; it showed them holding



position with him looking back at the men. Another picture showed them moving through the jungle at a slow pace he noticed. The tree in that picture that was extremely far away was the one in which he took position behind.

Interesting. Will thought. Very interesting indeed. He continued to pan throughout the pictures as Dom walked in. His blond hair was cut short military style and everything about him was military, except for the lab coat.

"How went your interview?" Dom said.

"Pretty good, got him to tell me every up to the two kilo's part, but that's about it." Will said.

"Well give me 5 minutes and I'llâ€¦" Dom said. He grabbed some coffee and poured two cups in the corner, Will did not see him but also didn't care as he looked at the pictures. He grabbed the cup and downed it within 3 seconds without thinking twice.

"No, you will not hurt my subject for information when he is giving it freely. Sure we're under a time constraint." Will replied.

"What time constraint?" Dom's head perked up at the mention of it.

"We have 9 hours and 15 minutes left to figure this out." Will said. "Plenty of time. I just got to get my subject to tell me what attacked him and then Ackerson can kiss my ass as far as I'm concerned. Then I can prevent him from going out there until we figure out actually how to kill whatever it is."

"Interesting indeed." Dom said.

"Yup." Will said. "He keeps receding into this shell of his and locking up his mouth but I think my magnetic personality that makes everyone talk is starting to work on him."

"Magnetic personality?" Dom almost choked laughing. "You couldn't get anyone to talk even if they asked you they wanted to."

Will went to the recorder in the coat pocket and started to play it. The voices filled in as the guy told his story.

"How can a marine platoon only go 1.5 kilos in 2 hours?" Dom asked quickly changing the subject.

"They got the same rain as us." Will said. "Remember the storm where you couldn't see squat upstairs?"

"O yeah that one, I remember now, that was hell in trying to drive a warthog here. Nasty stuff. I can see why now." Dom said. "Doesn't matter if he's drawing or not, he better tell everything by 3 hours left or I'll do it my way."

"You cannotâ€¦" Will start to say.

"I can, it is a direct order." Dom said. "I outrank you."

"Screw you." Will said. "You can shoot me before you do it."



"That can be arranged you know, not that hard." Dom smirked. "You got 8 hours and 46 minutes now before Ackerson leaves and 5 hours 45 minutes 55 seconds before I take over. Nice chatting with you."

Dom left the miniature lab with a smile on his face obviously looking forward to the three hour limit. Will angrily looked out where he left and wondered what it would be like for his head to explode when a bullet hit dead on. He sat there wasting a few minutes thinking about how many ways a bullet would pierce his skull before he finally focused back on the subject. Sleep overwhelmed him; he had been up for several days but not for this strange case but another project that needed to be done. Trying to resist the urge to put his head down on the table he decided that a small nap couldn't hurt him much.

## 5. Run like Hell

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By: Natination

Will groggily raised his head from the table as he looked at the clock on the counter; he had fallen asleep for 5 hours! Bewildered he gathered everything up quickly and marched down the hallway. Dom read some reports of something as he gave a quick smile to Will before turning and leaving.

Going past the security station Will entered the room of the marine. He looked up frantically.

"You're not going to let that guy torture me?" George asked. "Are you?"

"I need the story now. I have 30 minutes left to get everything out of you before that guy gets a green light from the brass to do it. The bastard put a drug in my coffee to make me sleep for 5 hours. I think I woke a bit early though." Will quickly said. He tapped on the recorder. "Ok let's get started, what happened after you moved into position?"

The man complied and sat down on his bunk sketching another picture as he started to tell what happened.

After 20-30 minutes of waiting John radioed my position

"Echo, you and George go find out what happened to our scouts." John said over the radio.

"Roger moving out. George you catch that last transmission? You're with me, come on." Echo said. Now why he was called Echo was beyond George's mind but he followed him anyway as they made their way through the jungle.

"There's the ruins, come on. Be quiet, no sudden movement." Echo whispered. Following Echo's lead, George crawled on the ground splashing through the mud on his belly. It was hard at first because of the rocks but once they got to just dirt it was easier to slide on the ground. He was soaked to the bone from the rain and mud covered



his uniform.

They crawled 20 yards up to the outpost where voices echoed.

"Yeah those marines are holding outside our perimeter. Their going to send two more guys most likely when those 4 ODST's don't report in."

"We best are ready then."

"Yup. We're going to need to get down and crawl on the ground so their motion trackers don't pick us up."

"Can our shields hold for that long once we're in position?"

"Most likely not, but we just need to get among them and we have them by the throat ready to slice it."

"Ok. How are those rocks going?"

"Good. I got some nice and solid ones."

Echo looked into a hole in the wall and peered into it. He sat there still less for perhaps 5 minutes. George looked at him and continued to look around them scouting for any targets. Apparently Echo heard enough and signaled a dash back to the marine position. Time to get out. Now. The ODST's helmet didn't reveal any panic looked but his movements were quick and panicky.

"We have to get out of here now!" Echo whispered. "They are preparing to attack, there is 6 of them."

The dash back to old position was quick but it alerted those men inside that there were people spying on them when George broke a twig. Screams of alarm was yelled as they dashed after the men. Echo was a full 3 yards ahead of him as he bulldozed his way through the jungle. His shotgun fired at anything that got in his way, a path of small trees that were mowed down was evident as George followed.

They erupted into the position almost by accident and collapsed near the marines covering them.

"Sir, Echo is back. They were running like hell. Got visually movement in the trees." A marine said. He told two raw recruits to back him up. They uneasily got into position and glanced around nervously. Trees rattled in every direction as something brushed by them.

Echo pointed his shotgun at a specific direction, the way he came as George pointed his battle rifle there as well.

"We're all going to die." Echo said out loud. "Those aren't normal men and women."

"What the bloody hell are you talking about?" One of the men said.

"Those are Spartans." Echo said. "The best of the best, I thought they just propaganda, apparently not. Their coming for us



now."

"They are? Armed with what." George said. "You're the one that looked at them. Armed with what?"

"Rocks, granite rocks." Echo said. "One or two had knives."

"Their going to kill us all with rocks and knives?" One marine laughed. "You got to be kidding me."

"Dude, I'm serious, this is no joke, and anything put into a Spartan's hand can be considered a lethal weapon. Hell their hands are lethal. They don't even need the suits of armor to kill us"

"Echo stops running your mouth. No one is leaving and I'm sure all 36 of us can kick a few Spartan's asses. Once those men get back."

"No we cannot sir. The other scouts are dead." Echo yelled back. "We're all going to die I'm telling you!"

A tree in the jungle groaned as some large weight had been put on top of it but then moved on.

"They know we're here now, and their coming for usâ€¦ now." Echo said. "They are coming to kill us all. We have a snowflake chance in hell of beating them."

## 6. Deception and Decit

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By: Natination

Author notes: Thank you guys for reviewing, and I'll appreciate it if more people review. Thanks.

As more rustle was heard a marine whispered. "Why did they quit the UNSC?"

"Because we tried to terminate them. That's why." John said over the radio. He was stationed roughly 20 feet back with the reserve troops to back up the front lines. "Apparently the military mind you, not ONI felt it was necessary to terminate them because their perfect little fighting machines decided not to follow orders. From rumors I heard the Spartans held off the covenant and remote detonate a nuke after they waited for a platoon our marines to escape the covenant. The marines were supposed to be bait."

One raw recruit next to echo said. "Some stupid general thought that it was a good enough bait and tried to sacrifice the men by purposely putting them in the last Alamo position till the Spartans helped them get out. At least that's what the rumors said."

"Great, so the military is after their toys and sent us?" One recruit moaned. "How are we supposed to kill Spartans? They are like a friggin hunter except with a bloody shield generator."

More rustle nearby as men cocked their rifles to receive the threat.



George looked at a tree covered with green moss and noticed a small patch of black; he opened up on it the moss came alive as a green figure dashed towards the formation of men.

"Incoming!" A marine yelled. The other marines in position two were 50 feet away dashed towards the position that cried out for help.

George felt a hand punch him in the chest and he flew into a tree. Echo had enough time to yell "Bastards!" before he fired his shotgun. A rock hit him in the chest sending him sprawling to the ground. George didn't move pretending to be dead as three marines opened up with battle rifles. Bullets pinged off of shields as the figure did a dash towards them and grabbed one rifle. A quick punch to the face broke the marine's neck and the Spartan grabbed the neck of the nearest marine. Propelling himself around the marine, and snapping his neck he looped his legs around another marine and did dropped to the ground with the dead marines in his arms. The other marine with the Spartan's feet wrapped around his neck fell down and his neck snapped as the Spartan did a sharp twist. Echo got back up and screamed a battle cry as he pulled the pin on two fragmentation grenades. He jumped onto the Spartan vowing to take him down with him. The Spartan deflected a kick and grabbed the ODS'T's other leg and took his feet out from under him. The ODS'T let the safety clips go and the grenades were ready to go off. Heaving with strength the Spartan threw the ODS'T into a group of trees nearby. Two thumps signaled the death of the suicidal ODS'T.

Other screams cried out in pain as other Spartans moved in and took out the other two groups of men. The Spartan that had taken out George's group stood there and checked the life vitals of the two marines nearest him. They were surely dead but he checked them anyway. He grabbed Echo's shotgun and grabbed a battle rifle stripping the bodies of their ammo and grenades. Gunfire all around George echoed around the jungle as one roar and started to slowly muffle down to three guns firing. A sharp scream and only two guns were firing then nothing.

George lay still as the Spartan moved on, George silently cried himself to sleep as he gripped his hurting chest. He knew several ribs were broken and didn't want to move. As he blacked out though he heard the sound of pelicans nearby and knew help was on the way.

"So that's what happened?" Will asked. He was stunned really, they hadn't expected the Spartans to be here of all places. Sure they could be in a city or something, easier to hide but in the middle of a jungle? "I have one question George. Where did you get that silver streak on your elbow?"

George remained silent for several seconds before answering. "I broke my arm during an engagement; covenant elite broke it when he threw me into the side of a warthog. My platoon rescued me though before the elite were able to kill me."

"Ok well that's about concludes it." Will said. The door entered and Dom entered with two security guards.

"I just told him everything I know about what happened." George exclaimed.



"We're going to make sure it's all truthfully and you didn't leave out any details George." Dom replied. "I have the green light to verify this man's story in my way."

"No you can't, I got the information." Will replied. He planted his feet in front of the door.

"Yes well the brass gave me a call to do it. I'm going to follow my orders, if you got any problems with it go see the brass." Dom replied. "Escort Will out please."

One of the guards roughly grabbed will and threw him out into the hallway when will protested. George gave him a sad look before the door shut. Will furiously mad now started to walk down to his office and let out some steam as he mulled over the details that George told him. It sounded about right for a group of Spartans to do that. Went right though those marines like they were tissue paper. Everything checked out in Will's mind but the elbow bothered him. He had seen that color before but where? He was pretty sure doctors didn't use that color and they certainly wouldn't have put it outside where everyone could see it. Only people he knew who had that wereâ€¦ Spartansâ€¦| shit. Will turned and ran down the hallway.

## 7. Ambushed but Not Beaten

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Will dash down the hallway and into his office where his radio was. Dom always used a certain frequency and Will had trouble for a minute trying to get the right one.

Meanwhile Dom punched the man and did an uppercut to his neck. George couldn't understand why Will would let this happened. Yeah sure, he killed roughly 12 guys that were chasing after him but it wasn't his fault. The Spartans were supposed to have broken out by now and grab the supplies they needed.

"Tell me everything now, and the pain will stop." Dom whispered into George's ear before having a guard give him a Taser shock.

Dom continued to punch him before he had enough and then grabbed a Taser. A scream ripped out of George for a full three seconds. The Agent apparently stopped then before he heard radio chatter.

"Dom! Get to my office now!" Someone said.

"Not right now Will, I'm busy." Dom replied into the radio. "I'm talking with your subject."

"You don't understand! I know who killed those men." Will said.

"Alright then, theorize then." Dom retorted.

"Spartansâ€¦|" Will said. "And George is one of them!"

George was tired and bleeding pretty badly from his face. But hearing



the word Spartans suddenly ticked off something in his mind when he heard it on his torturer's radio. The two men holding him he knocked one down and kicked the other one into the wall with ease. The man on the ground got George's foot coming down onto his neck and snapping it.

Dom looked at the "prisoner" and realized what was going to happen: he was going to die. The man dashed towards him with supernatural speed and tackled him to the ground. Getting up he grabbed a Magnum from Dom's pistol holster before Dom could grab it. George fired a single shot straight through the forehead. As the body flopped to the floor spilling blood and brains everywhere. He glanced at the camera and noticed that the camera's was not recording but still active. Grabbing the other pistol from the dead marine lying near the wall and grabbed all the extra ammo they had. 96 rounds total.

The security cameras would be reporting this now and he had to be ready. He heard the approaching footsteps and other screams of men who were guarding the rest of the Spartans. The other Spartans had broken out already he grabbed the door and tried to open it. It was locked. He pressed the barrel to the lock and fired once destroying the locking mechanism. Pulling open the door, and waiting a second before he looked down the hallway. The guard at his door was dead, shot in the forehead and he heard heavy footsteps coming nearby. He backed into the room and left the door partial open to make it look like he had left.

Meanwhile Will ran down the hallway into a group of soldiers fully armed with jackhammer rocket launchers and shotguns. They yelled intruder alert had been sounded near the guest quarters block. Will rushed down the hallway gripping his pistol in his hand. Grabbing some ammo he dashed after the troopers before they would reach their destination.

Will caught up to them and entered a small battlefield. Some badly placed shots were in the ceiling and several bodies were lying around the three hallways to the visitor quarters. The marine guard post count had grown in the past few minutes and 12 armed marines were searching for survivors.

"Watch out! These men are Spartans." Will whispered. There were three men behind him in single file as they walked down the hallway slowly. The ceiling had several vents on top at certain intervals. They were checked as Will directed them towards George's cell. 5 marines were ahead of Will and will glance to make sure his flank was secured when he heard screams up ahead. Two pistols had opened up behind the marines who had assumed that the prisoner cell had been cleared.

"Fire in the hole." A voice whispered to will as he did a half crouch and fired a rocket into the prisoner room. A whump was heard as the door fell off its hinges. Inside after the room had been cleared was a scene of chaos. Two dead guards and Dom with his head blown off, the observer window however was bashed open and a trail of blood lead out the door.

Will looked in disgust at Dom who lay motionless then towards remaining marines. "Come on."

Will ran out the room and dashed down the hallway as they followed



the trails of dead bodies.

"All Marines, intruders are trying to get out of the base, heading for the elevator. All marine tactical forces head for it now!" Will yell in the radio. The marines followed him as he made his way through the mazes of tunnels and rooms looking down the room for dead bodies which pretty much were laid out.

"Someone get to the main armory." Will said. "Check out the weapons there, make sure everything is there." A voice of one squad said they were there now. Will looked back to where he was going and ran into someone or something hard. He looked up to see one of the prisoners they extracted glancing down at him then at the marines who uneasily aimed at him.

"Alright, lay down your arms or I'll be forced to kill you." The man said. The marines didn't move but focused more on aiming at the armed prisoner. And the man jumped and rolled up firing a SMG. The marines screamed as they tried to keep up with the Spartan but were taken down under a hail of bullets.

"ONI agent, if I were you, I wouldn't move. The only reason why I didn't use you as a shield was because Nate told me that you didn't support this government bullshit." The figure said. In the light Will finally got to see him for what he was. Honest to god Spartan alright, some of his hair had silver flakes and one of his arms had a large piece of silver showing. It was a military buzz cut but now it had started to grow out. His eyes though he saw dark hard brown eyes that could cut steel.

The Spartan grabbed a Battle rifle and a shotgun before he moved on past Will. He glanced down at the agent before he moved down the hallway at a walking pace.

"If you really are in the military and you actually have any intelligence, I would get the hell out of here if I were you. We set the place to blow." the Spartan muttered quickly before turning a corner. Will didn't get up as other voices were heard. He had to stop his men, if they got into a drawn firefight and the base went, well everyone would die. Will got up and ran down an adjacent hallway and ran into another UNSC marine group that hadn't gotten ripped to shreds yet. They were a bunch of jumpy recruits and one of them fired a misplaced shot above Will's head before realizing Will was an officer.

"Friendly!" Will called out before the recruits could fire another shot at them. Will noticed blood was on one of their arms and then realized that the Spartans must have gotten past them. There was blood and gore all over them, and they looked like they had been through their first combat situation.

"Alright guys we need to get out of here now." Will ordered.

"We got go after the Spartans!" A red-haired recruit said. His boyish looks said he looked to be 17 but his stern looks meant he wasn't a greenhorn.

"If you want to do that fine by me, but I'm leading us out of here. The Spartans have set off a timer on an archer missile; it's going to level this place."



"But..." He replied.

"Hey, you want to go against 6 Spartans with the best training, 40 campaigns and over 150 operations then go right ahead."

"I suggest we grab two warthogs and head for that deserted outpost, the Spartans had to get here somehow."

"Yes sir." The recruit said. He was apparently the "elected" leader at the moment till Will showed up.

"Alright let's go. Timer is a ticking." Will said. "I don't want to be here for the fireworks."

## 8. Rescued only to be a POW

Halo: Cloak and Daggers

By: Natination

The two warthogs burst out of hanger doors and drove down the jungle path. It had taken them 12 minutes to make their way to the surface including the three minute ride to the hanger above ground. Will glanced over his shoulder in the passenger seat to see how the second warthog of recruits were doing and then turned around. Accessing a data pad, he hacked into a satellite over the planet. Accessing the infrared records he glanced at it to see if there were any ships on the planet, something small— Cargo ship maybe.

20 clicks ahead of them was a small heat source. Barely visible by a patch of open ground in the tree cover. The heat source was definitely an engine warming up for take off. The driver screamed as he yelled for Will to look up. A rocket soared two feet over the warthog and knocked the second warthog out; the flaming wreckage prevented them from escaping. Three men stood in the road— with jackhammer rockets.

"Stop!" Will yelled. The driver put his foot on the brakes and the warthog slammed to a sudden but sloppy stop as it went forward 5 feet in the mud. Will at once threw down the pistol and battle rifle he had down on the ground and motioned the driver to do so as well.

"Wise choice you made." One of them said he had a sniper rifle across his back. Grabbing their dropped weapons they stripped Will and the recruit of their ammo satchels. "Will, you and your friend there better come with us. By the way don't wander off, or you're dead."

They motioned them towards a warthog with a truck attachment allowing 4 troops to ride where the turret would go. The wet rain soaked his uniform which was covered in mud and dirt. The Warthogs had required someone to lift up one end in order for the warthog to get traction in this mess. A Female dressed in standard army rain gear turned her head towards the 5 approaching figures.

"What the fuck are they doing here?" She said as he stood up in her seat. "Sam said to kill them."



"A few hostages are always a good idea." One of the men said.  
"Besides maybe they can help us."

"Yeah right asshole." She muttered as she sat back down and started the engine. The one with the sniper set his rocket aside and swung his sniper free. Prodded into the back, Will sat down next to the recruit.

The drive towards the cargo ship was silent the entire way except for a couple curses from the driver when she at times had to go over rough terrain. Jungle whipped by as they entered a clearing. Expecting a Cargo ship, well he was half right. A pelican stood there silent as stone.

A figure walked out with a pilot helmet on as he glanced at the warthog truck as it stood at the center pelican.

"Put them into one of the pelicans without supplies." The figure said into radio. "We're moving out."

"Yes sir." She said.

Will knew the Spartan's names by heart and their strengths and weaknesses in battle. He had to several mission reports on them throughout his career before he got dropped off on this rock. The driver was Kelly, the fastest of all the Spartans combined. The Man sitting with the sniper rifle was Will like his own name. Sort of ironic anyway that their names were the same, Will wasn't a common name as it used to be. The Spartan sitting across from him pointing the battle rifle at him was the familiar face he had interrogated. Nate.

Jacob was the demolition man of the squad. The Magnum that he wielded was one of his favorites. Particularly because he modified it to fire explosive rounds from the old standard issue pistol instead of the usually bullets it did. If it hit you, you were a dead man especially at this range.

The Warthog stopped outside the main pelican as they motioned for them to get off. Will reluctantly comply and tried to make his way through the mud.

"Sit here; don't say a word, hand signals or anything else tricky. We'll know about it." Nate said. "We do not take you prisoners because we're that kind of people. Personally I think John is doing you a favor considering your one and only supply base is about explode and I highly doubt the both of you could live here long enough for a ship to pass by. So do us a favor, don't give us trouble."

The warthog was attached to the back of the pelican as the hatch went shut. Two other warthogs were attached as well as Nate sat on the opposite side with Jacob.

"This duty station sucks." The recruit mumbled as he looked out the window.

End



file.